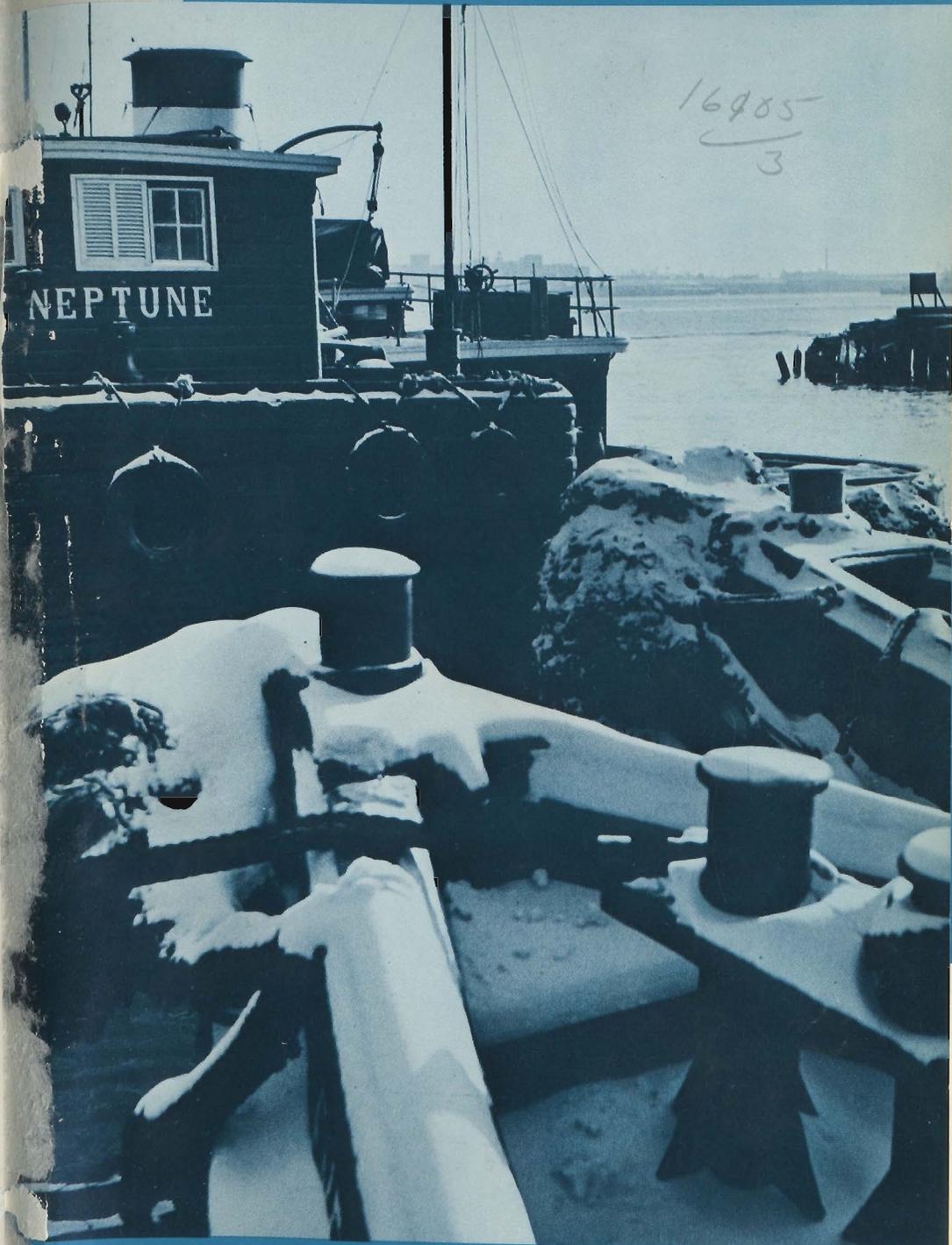




the LOOKOUT

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK



JANUARY 1964



seaman of the month

► Donald Smith

Few merchant seamen arrive in New York by air. But that's specifically how dark, rugged 26-year-old Scottish seaman Donald Smith was deposited here. And after one of our chaplains had snagged him for a conversation one morning in the cafeteria, we learned that he and two other compatriots were flown here from Scotland to fill vacancies on a ship not yet arrived in New York. Shipping officials seemed "to neither know nor care" when it would arrive according to Donald and his two Highlander friends, so SCI was "home" for four days, arranged for by the shipping company.

Donald hails from a small fishing port on Scotland's bleak northeastern coast and remembers his early exposure to the vicissitudes of a capricious sea, to the salty talk of fishermen, and to the disciplines of the Presbyterian Church. Not one drop of seafaring blood flowed in the Smith family, however, and it was with fear and trepidation that his mother gave her approval to a mariner-inclined son.

Weary of the routine of his shore-side job, Donald was anxious to see the world and in his own words "meet people of other nations." He did not fancy fishing as a profession; the merchant marine was the only alternative. He signed on the *Colorado Star* which sailed to ports in Western

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MORE THAN 600,000 merchant seamen of all nationalities, races and creeds come to the port of New York every year. To many of them The Seamen's Church Institute of New York is their shore center—"their home away from home".

First established in 1834 as a floating chapel in New York Harbor, the Institute has grown into a shore center for seamen, which offers a wide range of educational, medical, religious and recreational services.

Although the seamen meet almost 60% of the Institute's budget, the cost of the recreational, health, religious, educational and special services to seamen is met by endowment income and current contributions from the general public.

the LOOKOUT

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SEAMEN'S CHURCH
INSTITUTE OF NEW YORK

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COVER: "Baby, it's cold outside!" Outside and just across the street from the Institute, that is.

A brilliant statesman, naval hero and architect of peace fell dead at the hands of an assassin in a heinous crime shortly after lunch on Friday, Nov. 22.

With unprecedented coverage television networks transmitted pictures of the tragic event to receivers at home and via "Telstar" throughout the world. In New York City under an ominous winter sky workmen in the streets stood in the rain clustered about transistor radios; small crowds assembled to grasp words of radio and television news bulletins.

Refusing the finality but fearing what might be true, one SCI employee ran from office to office with the early news. All routine activities ceased and our stunned, speechless employees dashed to all available radio and TV sets. While newscasters confirmed our President's murder we could see through our windows that flags on the building were being lowered to half-mast. A quivering voice: "Oh, God, it can't be true!"

There was little conversation. There were many tears, uncontrollable weep-

Social activities were canceled and hundreds of seamen followed the reiteration of the day's events in the television room. They watched Mrs. Kennedy in her hours of grief and roses.

Seamen of all nationalities received the news with profound shock and disbelief. At our Port Newark Center where foreign seamen compose the majority of visitors, there was abject grief. As we later study the daily log from Port Newark during those days we are rather proud of those men who showed such great respect and self-discipline. Although SCI officially made no moves to curtail the social activities, men completely refused to participate in soccer, table games or conversation. We were reawakened to the fact that seamen, foreign or American, are part of "one world" and what was a national tragedy to us as Americans was a tragedy for them.

We would like to reprint the notes of Port Newark Manager, Chaplain Basil Hollas written at the time:

Friday. "The tragic news of President Kennedy's assassination had an



days of grief and roses

ing. Mr. Mulligan and Dr. Foust made plans for an immediate service to be held in the Chapel of Our Saviour. We, like other Americans, could find comfort and solace only in the chapel. Older seamen and staff who had lived through two wars and who knew the meaning of peace, wept openly. Those younger grieved the loss of a youthful and vigorous man.

immediate and profound effect at Port Newark. In all the ships there was an attitude of stunned disbelief among groups of men huddled around their radios. At the Center the TV reports were followed with rapt attention. Though no restrictions were imposed on activities, no one chose to play table tennis or record player. From 4:00 p.m. onwards there was a group of



men, at times numbering over fifty, who just sat in silence to see and hear the latest reports. Two scheduled soccer games were canceled at the request of the teams.

Saturday. "A very large attendance at the Club today. Once again men chose to spend the day before the TV. The only difference from yesterday was that our visitors were now expressing their opinions and feelings of revulsion at what had happened.

Sunday. "A Service of Holy Communion and Litany for the Dead was held at the Center this morning at 7:30 a.m. Twenty-four men from two British ships attended, 17 receiving Holy Communion. Another day of large attendance but little activity except the watching of TV, letter writing and conversation. Several men were assisted with phone calls and an exceptionally large number of letters were accepted for mailing. Christmas parcels were placed aboard the Norwegian ship *Milora*."

At SCI staff Hostess, Mrs. Tina Meek, reflected on the activity, or lack of, in SCI's International Club, following the President's death:

Sunday: "With Dr. Foust's permission we opened the Club Room and Snack Bar for the convenience of the men. Dr. Foust requested that we announce there will be a Memorial Service and Holy Communion in the large chapel at noon tomorrow for President Kennedy. There has been little activity in the Club today. The TV section has been crowded to capacity and the men

have kept a quiet constant vigil. Although no one barred the game room there was not one request for play—not even an attempt to turn on the lights. At evening service Chaplain Haynsworth's sermon was a memorial to our late President Kennedy. United in a common sorrow, we also offered our prayers with his for our new President. The little chapel was fully attended."

And so the days passed with our men.

News of the assassination was received aboard Incess Lines' cruise-ship *M. S. Victoria* just hours after she left New York Harbor with a destination in South America. On board as guest clergyman was SCI Chaplain Joseph D. Huntley who, with a Roman Catholic priest, held a joint Memorial Service for the dead President. Chaplain Huntley later celebrated the general Protestant service with a Holy Communion for the grief-stricken passengers.

At the end of his letter to our Director, The Reverend Cyril Brown, General Secretary of the British Missions to Seamen, penned: "I have little need to say how keenly we felt for you all at the time of the recent tragedy. It seemed to so many of us that we had lost one of our own."

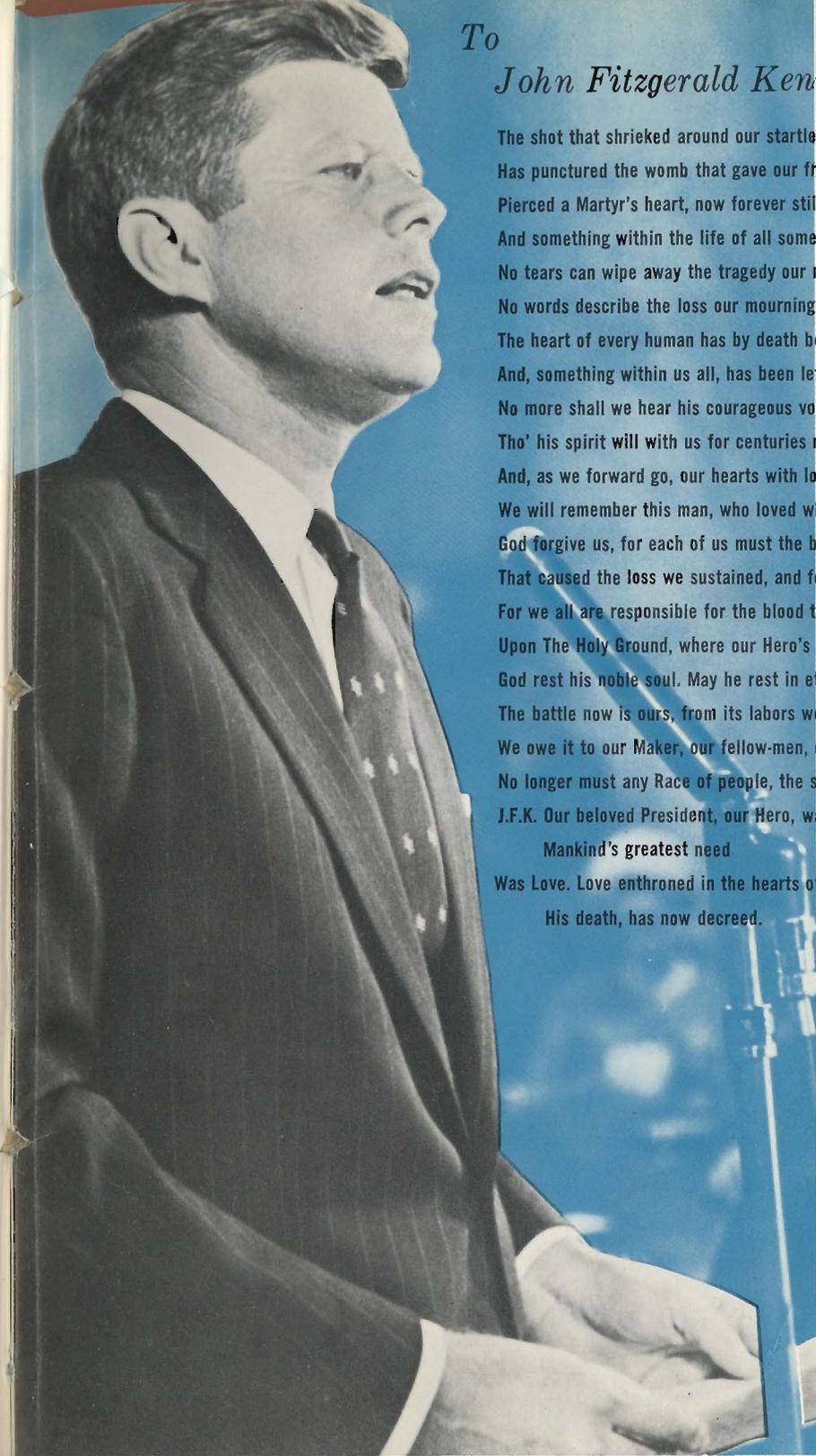
Responding to a kindness from one of the SCI staff, a seaman wrote in a thank-you letter: "I was of course like millions of others badly shaken by the death of President Kennedy. It hurt me greatly for I love courage, honesty and integrity in any person. I wish I had some of it in my youth. He certainly was and is a loss to the free world. Whatever one's politics are, none can deny he was game and stood up for his convictions. I am enclosing a few verses I wrote to his memory. They represent the feeling of many old time seamen who, like myself, love youth and its adventures into the untried world of honest endeavor."

The letter and poems were signed "A Seaman Passing By".

To

John Fitzgerald Kennedy

The shot that shrieked around our startled earth
Has punctured the womb that gave our freedom birth,
Pierced a Martyr's heart, now forever stilled
And something within the life of all somehow killed.
No tears can wipe away the tragedy our memory retains,
No words describe the loss our mourning world sustains;
The heart of every human has by death been chilled
And, something within us all, has been left unfulfilled.
No more shall we hear his courageous voice again,
Tho' his spirit will with us for centuries remain,
And, as we forward go, our hearts with love refilled
We will remember this man, who loved what hatred killed.
God forgive us, for each of us must the burden bear
That caused the loss we sustained, and felt, everywhere,
For we all are responsible for the blood that spilled
Upon The Holy Ground, where our Hero's heart was stilled.
God rest his noble soul. May he rest in eternal peace.
The battle now is ours, from its labors we must not cease;
We owe it to our Maker, our fellow-men, our immortal dead,
No longer must any Race of people, the sabre of hatred dread.
J.F.K. Our beloved President, our Hero, was well aware, that
Mankind's greatest need
Was Love. Love enthroned in the hearts of all humanity, this,
His death, has now decreed.





two faces has january

by Captain Gordon H. Messegee



It is said that the name January comes from the ancient Italian deity Janus, guardian of the gates of Rome. Janus had two faces, one in front, one in back. When January comes, wherever I am, whether on a tropic river in Asia or before a warm fireplace or on another ship at sea, my thoughts turn to a certain group of seamen to whom two-faced January has a special meaning.

Nowhere else is man confronted with such a staggering challenge of the vicious unleashed power of nature. Unrelenting winds, freezing cold . . . hundreds of tons of rushing liquid ice . . . and no quarter, no respite. This is not a plane that flies above the storm. This is a ship that crawls the sea.

The January sea, in its senseless impersonality, hurls a personal challenge at each man. Each man knows its meaning. It is a time when you grow or something dies within you. It is a time when you can grow—as many have done—and die a bigger man.

I saw my share of terrible January storms. But one that was particularly January, in its two-faced quality, was during World War II on the Murmansk Run. I mentioned the Murmansk Run only in passing, because that is another story. I would like to look at all the submarines, the junker 88s, the torpedoes, the mines, as only a backdrop for a storm we had that trip. The war was the temporary insanity of man. The storm was part of the eternal insane side of nature.

We were south of Bear Island, north of Nord Kap. Time noon. Every-

where white darkness. Wind north-northwest force 7. Course 295 true. Convoy speed eight knots. Real speed four. Snow beginning. Visibility 400 yards.

We were tired ships—a decimated convoy—our sister ships slept the long sleep, deep in the cold waters off Norway. With propellers damaged from ice packs, we limped along covered with two feet of solid ice and snow . . . here and there a lifeboat or life-raft missing, splintered damage from strafing, twisted guns that would not fire, and guns riding alone vacated forever by the men who had fired them.

We were tired men—lucky in a way—who had bought a round-trip ticket to hell and back . . . a ticket paid in courage. We were the survivors, snow covered, faces red raw, eyes straining at the horizon, tiny icicles encasing our eye-lashes like a frigid joke.

Tension was great. It always was on the return trip when the shorter distance was so terribly far. There were two dangers that day. For the next three hours, we would be in the most lethal area of attack. After that—if we got through—we would change course to southwest. Then the danger would be from within as well as without. For in the blackness of our holds, in huge cone-like piles, stood three thousand tons of heavy, sulky Russian manganese ore. There had been no time for the niceties of peacetime—careful trimming and shifting boards. Ice packs from Novaya Zemlya had been moving in. A convoy had to be formed. In this game of chance, what was one chance more? In this mass slaughter of ships what was one ship more? A change of course and a beam sea could unleash the ore. It could be as deadly as any torpedo.

1400—still no attack. Wind and seas increasing. It was an Arctic blizzard. Huge smashing waves threw tons of icy water over the starboard bow and as high as the bridge. It froze on impact. However, we drew only wry satisfaction from the obscurity of this white hell. True, no sub would surface. No plane would dare this ceiling-zero storm to seek out a wildly tossing ghost convoy on a

madly swirling ghost sea. But with the growing storm, the other danger had increased. When we changed course we would know.

At 1500 the order came. The Captain's calm command "Hard to port" showed no trace of our apprehension. The wild wind screams softened slightly as the ship swerved. Her movement worried in its pitch and roll as if uneasy about this step. We reached the southwest heading and steadied up. Still no reaction from below decks.

Suddenly it came. With a roar even above the noise of the storm, the cargo shifted. The ship gave a tremendous wrenching lurch as the mountain inside it slid into avalanche. Over and over to port we leaned. Up



"Shipwreck", Monhegan, Me., by Andrew Winter

from the ship's depth came a protesting roar at this last precarious indignity. Everything, every single item that wasn't lashed down and a lot that was came crashing out. Shouts of surprise and anger mingled with the sounds of blocks, tackles, gear, dishes, ammunition, and drawers and contents of every fore and aft bunk and locker thrown violently across the cabins.

Abruptly, there was a frightening silence. We hovered at 45 degrees port list—the danger point. For an eternal frightening moment she hung there. Slowly the wounded ship came back ever so gradually to 30 degrees and then port again to the sickening 45. The heavy northwest seas seemed

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man in black in a city of white

A little-known link of the Institute's chain of services among seamen is one that is far removed from the robust, healthy men who come through the Institute's doors or who descend the gangplank of American and foreign ships. We might refer to it as our mercy mission.

The immense, sprawling Marine Hospital on Staten Island lying just five miles from Manhattan is the full-time home of SCI's Chaplain Richard Bauer. As the only Protestant chaplain, he re-establishes spiritual contact with 85% of the patients there who are merchant seamen, seawomen or their dependents in serious need of help on emotional and spiritual levels.

As a member of the SCI staff he extends a welcome from the Institute and makes arrangements to accommodate men at the Institute when their health improves. Sickness involves much more than just physical discomfort; it often involves heavy doses of depression, anxiety and loneliness, especially for a seaman. In addition to the problems of illness the patient is pushed into a new and strange world, often without support of friends and family. When their luck is down, Chaplain Bauer walks in bringing the advice and encouragement of his office which may range from a smile to theology. He maintains a close contact with the doctors and nurses sometimes through staff conferences so that he is

aware of the needs of his parishioners in all areas of the hospital.

"In a chaplaincy of this sort," explains Bauer, "it is often difficult to see long-term results. Sometimes we can move a man only one step of the way and hope for the best." One such case was that of a man on the verge of organic brain disorder as a result of alcoholism. He asked to see the chaplain in order to make his first confession in a life of almost complete dissipation—so complete, in fact, that he hardly knew where to begin his confession. Bauer told the man to make a list of all the things he felt he had done wrong in his life. "Later," said Bauer, "we knelt together in the chapel and the seaman unburdened himself before God. Through this experience and the assurance of forgiveness it gave him, this man found, for the first time in his life, a source of strength outside of himself. The act of confession gave him a chance to re-evaluate his life experiences and get ready to start again."

Now and again Chaplain Bauer has cause to smile, recalling when he once leaned over a young man about to undergo an operation, asking him if he would like a prayer. The patient, rather startled, remarked, "Gee, am I that bad off?"

A feminine touch is added to the ministry to the sick by volunteer assistant Mrs. Frank Chaynake who en-



courages patients by writing letters, running errands, and most of all by being a cheerful visitor.

He sees each of his 200 wards at least once a week, spending considerably more time with those seriously handicapped and the terminal patients. He attempts to establish contact with each man on what he calls his "growing edge"—that area of his life in which there is potential for development—and helping him move into that area. "For some men this may mean religious and spiritual growth, for others it may be expressing themselves artistically, for some it may simply mean that they stop beating their wives. We try to help a man on whatever level he is capable of growth."

The Chaplain's work begins early in the morning, for a hospital is an early-rising city. Preparing himself for the day ahead, he spends a minute of quiet introspection in the chapel, then proceeds to the ward area. With him is a list of the recently-admitted patients and following their names is their denominational affiliation. He will spend time with each Protestant, although it is not against protocol in his ecumenical ministry to offer comfort to seamen of all faiths, be they Jewish, Moslem or Catholic. Bauer was once summoned to the bedside of a Mohammedan who was to undergo surgery. The Mohammedan explained that although he was a follower of Moham-

SCI's Chaplain Richard Bauer discusses the progress of physical re-development of seaman in the Public Health Hospital on Staten Island.

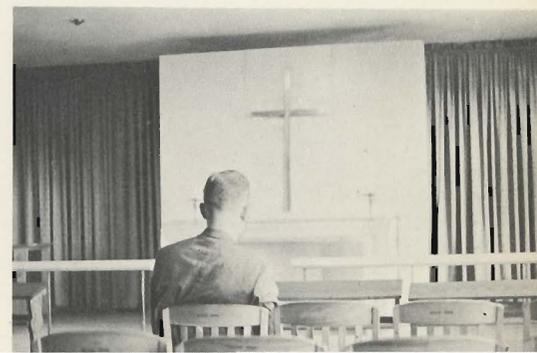
med, he believed in all faiths, and demonstrated his conviction by removing from under his pillow a Koran, the Torah, and a crucifix. "This man," says Bauer, "is taking no chances."

A general Protestant service is celebrated each Sunday evening and Holy Communion is celebrated during the week and on Sundays. Holy Communion is often received at the patient's bedside. Chaplain Bauer extends instruction in religion by distributing tracts and the New York Bible Society's magazine "Sowing the Seed."

Chaplain Bauer's prayers, which begin at the bedside often continue beyond the patient's recovery to the patient's personal life in baptism, confirmation, and marriage. Recently, a man who refused even to see the Chaplain upon his entrance to the hospital has asked for Confirmation.

Chaplain Bauer's work truly personifies the words of the prayer *For All Conditions of Men*: "... we commend to thy Fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted, or distressed in mind, body or estate; that it may please thee to comfort and relieve them according to their several necessities; giving them patience under their sufferings and a happy issue out of all their afflictions."

Quiet meditation in the hospital chapel begins the busy day for Chaplain Bauer.



"... and all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood. And the fish that was in the river died and the river stank . . ." Exodus viii: 20,21.

And the Waters Turned to Blood by John Westbury

This Biblical reference to rivers becoming red as blood challenged the imagination of our author who uncovered some interesting biological truths about the reddish organisms which reproduce in inconceivable numbers at certain times of the year and under ideal conditions.

What is the power or instinct which, from time to time, compels a tiny sea organism to multiply with such incredible speed and to such deadly effect that millions of other sea creatures enveloped by the 'tide' instantly die?

The culprit is a one-celled four-lobed blob of protoplasm, so tiny that it takes nearly a thousand of them placed in line to make an inch. It is known as a dinoflagellate (swirling whip). Remarkably, while it is classified among the various groups of algae, the fact that it has the power of spontaneous motion, being able to propel itself about in the ocean by means of a 'whip,' puts the creature in the borderline between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Under normal conditions these minute creatures live in the ocean in small numbers, when they are quite harmless. But when conditions are suitable they suddenly multiply and reproduce their kind so quickly that a single quart of sea water may hold as many as 60,000,000. It is then that they appear as a "red tide", though some may be other colors, namely, yellow, yellow-brown or olive-green.

Pondering on the factors which lead to these spasmodic outbreaks, scientists have advanced a theory that heavy rains may be initially respon-

sible. They know that plant life requires phosphates for successful growth, and that vitamin B₁₂ (manufactured by certain bacteria and algae) is essential to the life of the dinoflagellates. The runoff following heavy rains in coastal regions washes phosphates into the sea while simultaneously lowering the salinity of the water; moreover, it is thought likely that the vitamin B₁₂ is also carried down to the sea from soil and salt marshes.

The over-all result is that a vast supply of essential nutrients are present in a mixture of fresh and sea water at a temperature and degree of salinity which are themselves favorable to reproduction among the dinoflagellates—and these tiny creatures then "bloom" with terrifying speed.

When the "red tide" strikes a coastal region, all sea life in the immediate vicinity is faced, if not with total extinction, then with an unpleasant experience. It may seem odd that tiny creatures such as the dinoflagellates could constitute such a threat to marine life, until it is known that each one secretes a poison as deadly as botulinium, which, weight for weight, is claimed to be the most poisonous substance known.

The water around and close to the "blooming" dinoflagellates is virtually crammed full of poison. Most of the smaller sea creatures which fail to swim out of it at once die. The results—the piles of dead fish and turtles heaped upon nearby beaches—are strong testimony to the power of this poison.

On such occasions people who have been caught swimming in such a tide find their throats and lungs inflamed by the poisonous surf. Indeed, in some regions it has been necessary to close schools and hotels, while holiday-makers have stampeded homewards.

It is, possibly, to such a phenomenon that the Bible refers in Exodus viii: 20, 21: ". . . and all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood. And the fish that was in the river died and the river stank . . ." Other references to similar occurrences were reported in 208 B.C.

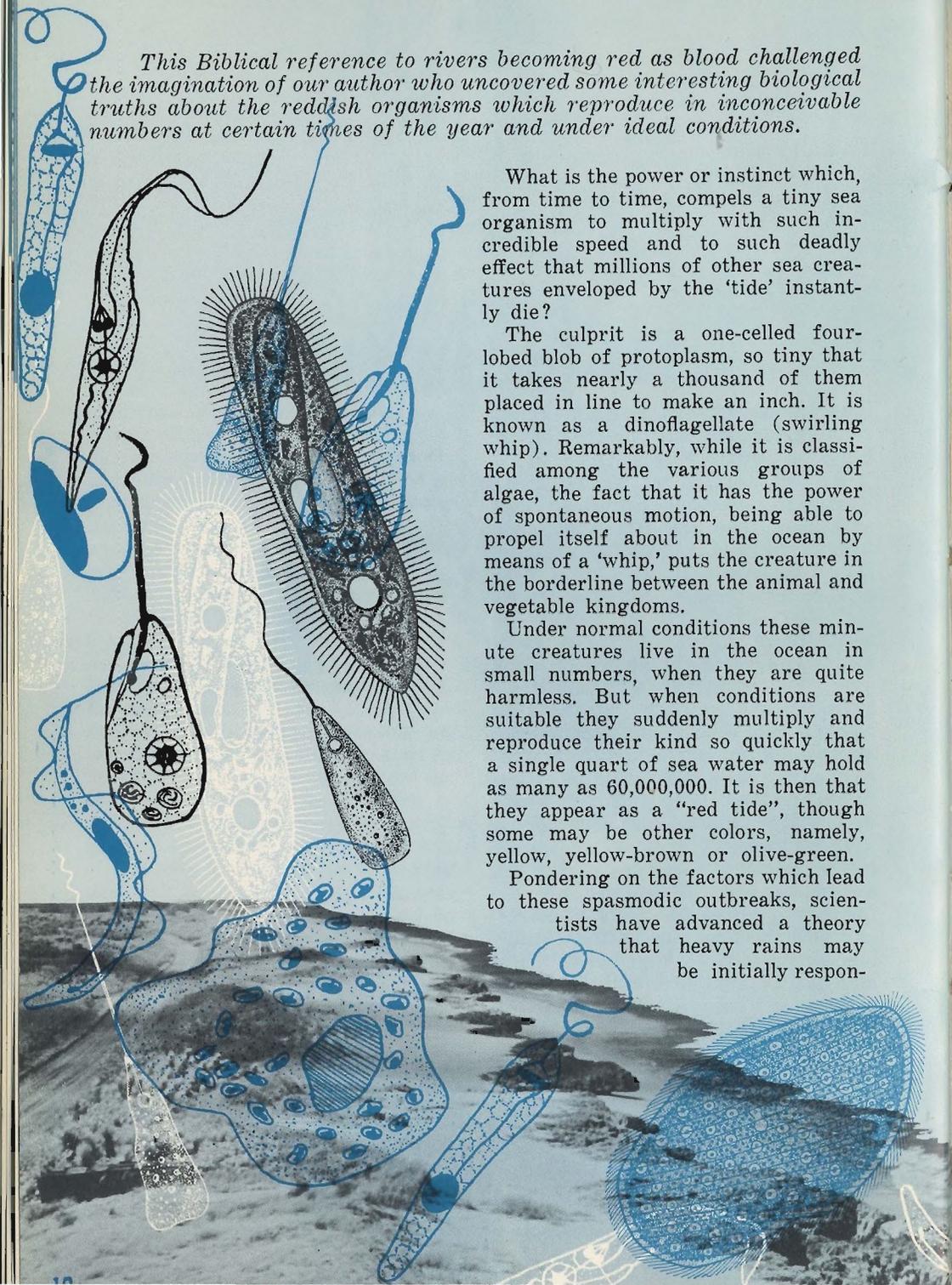
In recent years the "red tide" has been found off the coasts of many countries, particularly India, Australia, the United States and Peru.

Since it constitutes a serious threat to marine life, as well as being an unpleasant visitation in these and other coastal regions scientists are seeking ways and means of stopping these sudden outbreaks. They have found, for instance, that each outbreak is followed by upsurges in other sea creatures, such as ciliate protozoa, which feed on the dinoflagellates. If a method of cultivating these microscopic enemies of the dinoflagellates could be found, thereby encouraging their propagation in coastal regions subject to attacks of "red tide", then it could be hoped that the worst effects of such attacks might be averted.

A further line of research which has been investigated is that of dumping certain vitamin-destroying bacteria in the water of threatened areas, but this would involve such vast quantities of bacteria that the idea has been at least temporarily abandoned.

This research, however, promises to have other far-reaching results. For instance, man's understanding of the human nervous system has been considerably helped by a knowledge of poisons which, like that of the dinoflagellates, attack the nerves. If, as is suspected, the dinoflagellate does secrete substances which inhibit the growth of other micro-organisms, then the analysis of these substances could put medical science on the track of new weapons against human disease.

And although this "villain" may continue to destroy sea life during future outbreaks, it may also be the means of saving human life.



SEAMAN KELLY IN ZULULAND

Durban, gateway to the African continent was to be my first port of call, and I anticipated my visit with the enthusiasm of a child. Big game, steamy jungles? I had really no idea what to expect in Africa. An emerging continent, no doubt—but what had happened to the Darkest Africa we once read about?

The voyage across the Indian Ocean in our antiquated freighter from Freemantle, Australia, had taken an all-time record of 28 days, twice as long as the time taken by a modern ship. We nicknamed the ship "sea slug".

"If it's flying you're after, you had better join the air force," was about all the satisfaction we could get from the chief engineer when we asked how many revolutions (knots) we were doing.

It was our great fortune to have a stopover of nearly two weeks in Durban, and I was soon at the telephone trying to contact the daughter and son-in-law of our next-door neighbors from home who wrote that they would be delighted to show a curious seaman some of the curiosities of Africa. How would I like to track a white rhino?

Jamie and Mary fetched me from the ship and took me to their beautiful

home on the heights of Berea,

with a commanding view of the city. Talk of hospitality—my slogan would very soon become "There's no place like somebody else's home." Sitting on the *stoep*, which is a South African word for verandah, we were served beer by a Zulu manservant with snow-white teeth and snow-white uniform.

Sakabona Mnumzane was his greeting, and my puzzled expression brought a roar of infectious laughter from the ebony giant. The twinkle in his eye had to be seen to be believed as Jamie explained that this meant "Good day, Sir" in Zulu.

No sooner had I drained my third glass than I was told the car was waiting.

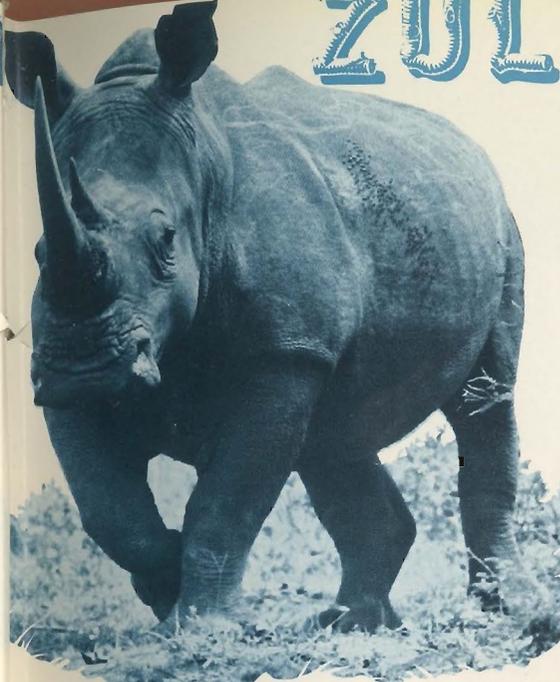
"*Hamba gahle*," said Mtuli, the manservant, as we departed.

"*Shala gahle*," replied Jamie. In the Zulu language this all means "Go well" and "Stay well."

Where were we going? Hluhluwe, I was told (pronounced *Shloo-shlooe* for those who do not speak Zulu). Hluhluwe is a mammoth game reserve of about 57,000 acres in Zululand, an area of invisible boundary which is north of Durban. The South African government is spending untold wealth to prevent the white rhinoceros, which is exclusive to the park, from becoming extinct, Jamie told me. These huge, lumbering beasts, weighing up to four tons, may often be seen grazing in the neighborhood of the rest camp huts. Their vision is so poor that it's possible to approach quite close to them.

Hluhluwe, Jamie told me, is hilly in the north, with deep, heavily wooded valleys, and open, rolling country to the south. Besides the rhino it stocks buffalo, giraffe, kudu, wildebeest and many more. The rivers abound with crocodiles, so swimming is not recommended.

Our trip to the reserve, some 150 miles, was not entirely uneventful. Soon after leaving Verelum, while traveling between fields of sugar cane, we ran over a snake. I got out and had a closer look at him (or her). A



python, and quite the largest I have ever seen, apparently crossing the road in search of food when he met his untimely end. A greenish-grey it was, about 15 feet long and with a girth of about 20 inches in the middle. According to Jamie these creatures are nonpoisonous. They crush their victim to death and then swallow him. The cane fields through which we were passing abound with large rats, buck and wild pigs on which the reptiles live.

As we neared the reserve we passed the village of Mtubatuba where we could see the proud, statuesque Zulus or Bantus in their kraals. The tribal dress and customs of the Zulus are particularly colorful and picturesque.

On entering the park we made for the rangers' office where a bronzed young man of no more than 22 years introduced himself as the assistant park ranger. He had been assigned to show us the white rhino. Our mode of transport was to be a large open Landrover, into which we dutifully climbed, followed by a khaki-clad African with high-powered hunting rifle. "Just in case!" interjected the ranger.

Over tracks that would have spelt the end of Jamie's car we were indeed grateful for the four-wheel drive vehicle of the Parks Department. We passed through grasslands for an hour or more before the terrain began sporting a few shrubs and trees. It was here, that a pair of white rhino were recently observed.

"Can you see them?" asked the ranger, stopping on a little crest. It was only when the creatures moved that I realized where they were. And then I noticed that the beasts were not white, but brown.

"This is where we start walking," we were told, and heart in mouth, I obeyed. We walked around to a point downwind of the animals before attempting to get any closer. The thought of snakes in the long dry grass was adding to the butterflies in my stomach caused by stalking a one-ton rhino.

Closer and closer we went. I could not help noticing how distinctly bored our African gunbearer looked.

Suddenly our presence was known. The sound of a breaking twig or the alarm signal from a bird—something had warned these prehistoric-looking beasts. They threw their heads back attempting to pick up our scent. Then they performed a dainty little ballet for us, running round in tight circles sniffing the wind in all quarters. This was our hint to beat a hasty retreat to the Landrover—I, with worried glances over my shoulder. Even in a vehicle one is not altogether safe. We were told a jeep was rolled over by one of these irate monsters.

The sun was low in the sky when we returned to the Park Office and were shown the rest huts where we were to spend the night. As I went to sleep that night I wondered just how much protection the wooden walls of the hut were, against such creatures as the rhinoceros.

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We are a kaleidoscope of the waterfront

A look-in on the world's largest shore home for merchant seamen...



◀ **RUSSIAN VISITORS**—21 young Russians—marine engineers, students, collective farmers and teachers—visited SCI's cafeteria last month guided by Russian-speaking American students. An exchange group of the Experiment in International Living, they were in U. S. one month. Two SCI Russian-speaking staffers volunteered as hosts and several of the Russians (who spoke no English) commented favorably on their only opportunity to talk with "just average Americans." Cafeteria employees were amazed at such hearty appetites; many took two entrees in addition to large salad plate. Not one crumb remained.



◀ **COVERED CONTROVERSIAL COUNTRY**
A country currently monopolizing the political spotlight, South Africa, was the subject for recent Nations of the World program offered through the Department of Education. An excellent speaker was secured for the program. Mr. Lauwrens Burman from the South African Information Service, shown above with Chaplain Joseph Huntley, conducted a lively discussion after the showing of color film on his terra cognita. More than 100 seamen attended the program.



◀ **GOOD SHIP "HOPE"**—Only SCI Christmas boxes to end up in the hands of non-seamen were placed aboard Hospital Ship "Hope" last month by Institute Chaplain James Savoy (left) and Shipvisitor John Kirby and were gratefully received by ship's Protestant chaplain (third from left) and Head Nurse. Packages were presented to the ship's crew in Ecuador on Christmas Day when ship reached her destination. Famous medical training ship started her third mercy mission to an undeveloped country last month carrying complement of 7 doctors, 38 nurses and 45 medical technicians, operated at cost by Grace Lines



▲ **DISTURBING INFLUENCE**—We're not adverse to including a little cheesecake in the LOOKOUT especially when the camera has focused on free-lance photographer, Sally Soames, a Londoner visiting SCI to complete a story for the "Manchester Guardian." Miss Soames spent several hours here photographing seamen studying and relaxing. She (above) stands thirteen windy stories above the street on the Titanic Lighthouse to record exciting view of Statue of Liberty. Seamen found it difficult to concentrate when Sweet Sal invaded their domain.

VINTAGE POSTCARD USED BY SCI DURING WAR COMES HOME

With irregularity, bits and pieces of printed materials used during the 130 years (and we can say that now!) of Institute service to seamen arrive from most unexpected sources. More often than not the senders furnish little supplementary information.

We were delighted when a yellowed and brittle postcard arrived recently in a letter to our Director from The Rev. Cyril Brown, Chaplain to the Queen and General Secretary of the British Missions to Seamen.

The postcard was a photograph of the tugboat "J. Hooker Hammersley" which was purchased by SCI Director Dr. Archibald Mansfield in 1916 for use in his waterfront ministry and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by the Navigation School as a practice steamer. It made trips down the bay with a student crew, giving them the chance to learn practical seamanship, compass adjustment, observations for ship's position, and to study marine engineering aboard ship.

Receiving it in person from Dr. Mansfield was E. Stanley Price, a retired marine engineer and a Lay Reader in the Missions program. His battle cruiser of the 10th British Cruiser Squadron was lying at anchor in the Hudson River in 1917 just after America had declared war on Germany. Price was then 19 years old.

Present-day New Yorkers will scarcely remember when the New York skyline in the photo boasted so few and unimposing skyscrapers. ▼



POSTAL PUZZLERS POSE PROBLEMS

Being famous as a seamen's hang-out has definite advantages as our SCI post office employees will confirm. "Seamen" is synonymous with SCI, or so it would seem when last week a white envelope, devoid of return address, reached the SCI.

It was addressed (very) simply:

Merchant Seamen
(Merchant Marine Service)
New York, New York

From the files at SCI come many letters with just as obscure instructions which have reached us. Business manager Leslie Westerman recalls one that was posted from a foreign port to:

"Ship Shape Shirts"
New York, New York

The missive was forwarded to the SCI laundry which has used as its slogan for many years "Ship Shape Shirts."

Miraculously another letter reached the intended recipient at SCI, but its instructions said succinctly:

The Rev. Daley
Seamen's Work
New York City

What strange and wondrous things doeth the U. S. mails!

SHARE MISSING COUSIN'S ESTATE WITH SCI FOR LOCATING HIM

In the Christmas spirit of sharing two sisters expressed their gratitude to SCI last month for locating a seaman cousin with whom they had been out of touch for many years.

The request had come from the two women living in a far-western town for "help in finding a cousin, J. A. M., whose mother was of my generation. Thanks to you I got in touch with him and carried on an interesting correspondence until his death last January."

We disproved the saying "You can lead a horse to water . . ." As 1963 ended the SCI Department of Education made an analysis of attendance figures at its forums, classes, concerts and teaching machine center. The summary of participation indicates that the program enjoyed a total attendance of better than 18,000 people, more than half of whom were active merchant seamen. If the Library were to be included in the community figures, the total participation would be further increased. The individuals came from offices in the Wall Street area, brokerage houses, insurance firms and shipping offices, and represent secretaries through executives.

Although attendance figures for 1963 were complete through December 10 when this was written, we could easily anticipate an increase in participation of 6,000 or 33% in 1963 over 1962. This rather exciting figure proves the interest and support of three men and a Board of Managers in undertaking the three-year-old project have been rewarded. The men are The Rev. John M. Mulligan, (who believes that men are not boys, and that seamen will not be in trouble if they have something to sustain their better pursuits); Dr. Roscoe Foust, Director of Special Services, whose multi-faceted department can implement those pursuits, and to Chaplain Joseph Huntley, Director of Education, who establishes and refines the direction of those pursuits.

In a recent letter from them, bringing with it two contributions totalling \$700, the sisters wrote that upon their cousin's death, the Orphans' Court recognized them as his legal heirs, and concluded: "We know that both J. and his mother would be happy for you to have our share of his small estate and we are very glad to send it. Wishing you all at the Institute a blessed Christmas season, we are L. and H. G.

Cap'n Burl's Page



The dangerous chance, the many reasons which sent men out on a sea voyage were most thought of at the moments of departure and arrival. To go was always a danger, and coming back always bore the relief of safe return. These were the moments which brought men to the question of why they went to sea—and the songs that were sung as the ships were outward bound and homeward bound often reflect this.

GOODBYE, MY LOVER, GOODBYE

G

1. The ship is sail - ing down the bay, Good -

C G D

bye my lov - er, good - bye;— We may not meet for

D D7 (Bm) D G

man - y a day, Good - bye my lov - er, good - bye!—

G C G D7 G

By - low my ba - by, by - low my ba - by,

C G D7 (Bm) D7 G

by - low my ba - by, Good - bye my lov - er, good - bye!—

2. My heart will ever more be true,
Goodbye my lover, goodbye,
Tho' now we sadly say adieu,
Goodbye my lover, goodbye,
By - low my baby, by - low my baby, by - low my baby,
Goodbye my lover, goodbye!

3. Then cheer up till we meet again:
I'll try to bear my weary pain:
4. Tho' far I roam across the sea:
My every thought of you shall be:

Burl Dues

to hasten their rush, eager to kill. We rang General Quarters—ordered the engineers to pump fuel from port to starboard and the deck gang to prepare the snow and ice-laden port boats for launching. There was no need to call for volunteers on a ship that was all volunteer.

At any moment we could go over. We wallowed there like a great white whale ungainly in its death struggle while huge piles of snow and ice, loosened by the impact of the sudden lurch, slid ominously across the decks from starboard to port. There, lodged against the port bulwarks, they added their weight to our razor-edge balance.

There was a galling irony in losing to the sea after days of running battle against men. Preoccupied with living and dying, we had briefly forgotten the power and fickleness of the sea. This was its sure reminder. Great cold seas swept under us with a violent uplifting and rose like steep glaciers on the port side. Boats had little chance. If one were in good condition—real good—and had to hit the water one might last ten minutes.

Hurriedly, we requested approval of the Commodore to leave convoy and resume a northwest heading to reduce beam seas. The surprising answer was that the convoy would change course immediately. It was strange, for the irrevocable unwritten law of the Murmansk Run, in dangerous waters, was no waiting and no deviation for the slow and the weak. Many ships could

not be risked for one.

We changed course. Although still carrying a dangerous list, the chances of capsizing or floundering lessened. Gradually the pumps took effect. Hours passed. Finally, the seas subsided some and we resumed a south-west course.

We reached Scotland—still with a heavy list. It was there we heard by chance from a Royal Navy Airforce officer, that enemy submarines had been waiting on our original course at the perimeter of our blizzard blanket. . . .

So we missed them and can tell this story about the cruel capricious month of January which showed us so clearly its two faces—hope and hell.

SEAMAN OF THE MONTH
Continued from page 2

United States and Canada two years ago. Besides a "good bit of the U.S." he's toured the Persian Gulf, the Mediterranean and East Africa in the capacity of Junior Engineer.

Though not exactly the "dour Scot" of legend, and looking more like a Madison Avenue copywriter, Donald tends to be reserved and taciturn. But there's an obvious determination to forsake the sea soon because, as he expressed it—"marriage and the life of a seaman don't mix." We described several happy exceptions.

We're pleased that three happy highlanders found a home at SCI, and that young men conduct themselves with such dignity when far from home and "on the town".



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name

address

Bookwatch

DAWN LIKE THUNDER: *The Barbary Wars and the Birth of the U.S. Navy.* By Glenn Tucker. 487 pp. New York. Bobbs-Merrill. \$6.95.

"Splashing through the gentle surf, with cutlasses held between their teeth, some with muskets and others with pikes or axes, and a few with pistols, [the seamen] clashed against the defenders thrown down to the shore from the barricade. A few minutes of din and uncertainty, the air filled with Moslem imprecations and seamen's oaths, with the sharper bark of muskets and pistols sounding above the roar of the big guns from the battery and the ships, and always the sickening whir of the scimitar and ring of steel on steel, and the Tripolitan army began to give ground."

One wild scene of the American war with the Barbary—North African—powers from DAWN LIKE THUNDER by Glenn Tucker, as the newly born United States of America reluctantly began to defend itself against the piracy and demands for tribute of the potentates and deys of the Ottoman Empire.

Mr. Tucker combines scholarship with a fine gift for the dramatic and a natural storytelling ability in this colorful account of a lurid era in an exotic land.

THE SAILING SHIP—SIX THOUSAND YEARS OF HISTORY. By Romola and R. C. Anderson. 208 pp. New York. W. W. Norton & Company. \$6.95.

This book is to be highly recommended to anyone who wants a ready reference guide or a brief history of sailing. Not only is this "one of the best compact accounts

of the development of the sailing ships that we have today," but it is also written with that rare command of the English language which makes the work of British authors so often enjoyable.

Though the quality of the illustrations is not equal to the excellence of the text, they are adequate for identification purposes. A conclusion retained from an earlier edition, although timely in 1926, should have been updated—reading now that the disappearance of certain sailing craft is anticipated, although in reality they have already disappeared, gives the book a quaintly archaic flavor. One might question, too, the dismissal of U.S. supremacy during the War of 1812 as the result merely of supremacy of equipment.

But these are small reservations in regard to a valuable book of unquestioned excellence.

MERCHANT SHIPS: World Built. Compiled by the Publishers, with an introduction by Peter Duff. 184 pp. Adlard Coles Ltd. in association with Rupert Hart-Davis, London and John De Graff, New York. \$9.50.

This handy little book presents the 1962 output of new ships, recording the latest developments in design. Here is an alphabetical register of nearly 700 ships with 142 photographs and plans of ships of special interest. These include the S.S. Savannah, the first nuclear-powered cargo/passenger ship, the speedy American Challenger, and the 132,334-ton tanker, the Nissho Maru. Though very much a special interest book, this volume with its predecessors makes a cumulative reference library which is always up-to-date.

I WATCH THE SEA

By S. Raskin

I watch the sea
The sea is a woman
Moody like a woman

I have seen her
Gay and irresponsible
Rippling with laughter
With a white-lace-ruffled petticoat
Flouncing at the hem.

I have seen her
Still and enigmatic
Swathed in the heavy gray of a nun's habit
And the outstretched gulls were wheeling crosses
Against the sky.

I have seen her shimmering
In star-sequined black satin.

I have seen her heaving and tossing
Possessed by God knows what frenzy
A demented old harridan in a streaked wrapper
Straggly at the hem.

The sea is a woman you love—
You watch her no matter the mood
No matter the dress.

BLOW AWAY

by M. E. Thirlwell
Institute Librarian

There was a young lad who sailed from his home
Hey-ho! And the winds blew soft,
From ocean to ocean for years he did roam,
Hey-ho! And 'twas windy aloft.

He was a man when his voyaging was done.
Hey-ho! And the winds blew free.
He thought he would bide — but couldn't for long,
Hey-ho! 'Twas the call of the sea.

At last he grew old, for years, they speed by.
Hey-ho! And the winds blew keen.
He quietly lay down and quietly did die.
Hey-ho! He might never have been.

MIDNIGHT AT SEA

by Sanford Sternlicht

The silver rain of starlight drenches ship
And sea, My rolling world is in the grip
Of timeless night, the endless bight of black.
No sign of that first flare of day to crack
The midnight seam and let the blood of morning
Flood this hold of fear with hope of dawning.

